ASHES OF FUN

Professor—What was Nero's great crime? Bright Pupil—He played the fiddle.

Teacher (during a lesson on fowls)—Mary, what is an egg? Mary—An egg is a chicken not yet.

Recruit—Please, sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and. Sergeant Instructor—Wot yer been doin'? Strokin' yer 'ead?—Punch.

"Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own." "Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm the sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.

Scott—Wherever does Eastly get the idea that his jokes are funny? Mott—Oh, he tells them to young ladies with pretty teeth!—London Answers.

He—Miss Seerand holds her age remarkably well, doesn't she? She—Indeed she does. She has been 29 for at least ten years.—Illustrated Bits.

Dentist (to workingman, who has just saved him from drowning)—My dear man, how can I express my gratitude! Come to my house and I'll pull every tooth in your head for nothing.

"So your boy Josh is an inventor?" "Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He has invented a lot o' labor-saving devices." "What are they?" "Excuses for not working."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night, when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"

Passenger Agent—Here are some post-card views along our line of railroad. Would you like them? Patron—No, thank you; I rode over the line one day last week and have views of my own on it.

"I strolled into the Globe last night and heard Maxil, and I want to say right here that I think him the greatest monologist in the world." "You do, eh? You never heard my wife."—Boston Courier.

Farmer Honk (musingly)—They say Deacon Klutchpenny's wife was a paragon before he married her, and—— Mrs. Honk (briskly)—Nothing of the kind! She was a Smith! I knew the whole family.—Puck.

He was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any idiot ought to know that.

Invalid Husband—Did the doctor say I was to take all that medicine? Wife—Yes, dear. Invalid Husband—Why, there's enough there to kill a donkey! Wife (anxiously)—Then you'd better not take it all, John!—Tit-Bits.

Former Customer (after a long absence)—What has become of the pretty blonde that used to feed the hungry at this lunch counter? Dark Skinned Waiter Girl—I'm her. What you goin' to order, sir?—Milwaukee News.

"Mamma, may I play with Johnnie Cross?" "No, Georgie. He's a bad boy. Let him play with the other bad boys." "Well, that's all right, mamma. His mother says I'm the worst boy on the street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not on your life. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grown-up daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.—Puck.

Squire's Daughter—Would you mind throwing your little boy into the pond? I want to see if my dog will rescue him. Villager—Certainly not. Squire's Daughter—I do wish you would. You're the second woman I've asked who has said "No."—Punch.

Little 4-year-old Allen had been given a "Noah's ark" on his birthday. One day he put the animals all in, shut the door and sat silent for some time. "What are you waiting for, Allen?" asked his mother. "Waiting for it to rain," he replied.

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating that you had been attacked with mumps and I find you suffering from rheumatism. Patient—That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.—London Tit-Bits.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor. "Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I reckon my trouble started in attendin' too many weddin's." "Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?" "No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What is it, madam?" asked the man behind the desk in an intelligence office. "I want a cook," exclaimed the lady, patting the directoire knot on the back of her head, "and I want her bad." "Quite simple, madam," the clerk assured her. "We have no other kind."—New York Herald.

GREAT BUSINESS OF STORAGE.

Depression Doesn't Affect This Industry at All Unfavorably.

The storage is an important adjunct of the shipping business. In this city and vicinity there are four big storage plants with railroad connections. Two of them are in Brooklyn, another is on Staten Island and the fourth at Communipaw, on the Jersey side of the Hudson River. Besides those there are a great many bonded and free warehouses without pier and railroad connections in different parts of the borough of Manhattan, says the New York Sun.

Bonded warehouses are for the storage of dutiable goods landed in bond to be held until the consignees find it convenient to pay the duty and take them out. The convenience to merchants of leaving imported goods in bond until they can be disposed of in the ordinary course of trade is manifest. But many merchants also get large consignments of undutiable goods which their private storage facilities cannot accommodate, hence the existence of free-storage warehouses.

However, the two branches of the business are not entirely separate, for all the big companies and many of the smaller isolated warehouses store bonded and free goods. Free goods, it should be borne in mind, may be either domestic or foreign, for many imported commodities are free of duty.

The beginning of the storage business was contemoraneous with the rise of New York in importance as a commercial center. Its growth in the last half-century has been enormous, but the development of the big plants referred to has been comparatively recent. A notable peculiarity of the business is that it does not immediately feel the effects of industrial depression.

On the contrary, it is materially benefited for a time by a decline of general business. When a merchant carrying large lines of goods finds the market for them falling off he generally sends them to storage warehouses for safekeeping until the market improves. For this reason the storage business suffered less than any other during the recent extraordinary period of general stagnation. As a matter of fact the storage business was better in 1908 than in 1907, so it enjoys a unique distinction.

It would be a mistake, however, to infer that the business suffers in good times. In a good business year the volume of merchandise coming to this port from all parts of the world is much greater than in a bad business year, and consequently the aggregate placed in storage is larger, but the length of time the goods are held in storage is shorter. In a bad business year the aggregate of receipts is relatively smaller, but the period of storage is longer.

The inference is inevitable, therefore, that the storage business is a good thing at all times. Perhaps storage men as a whole may not be willing to concur with this statement, but there are the facts.

Pure Milk and Our Babies.

If babies had a vote the milk supply would be reformed. But babies are inarticulate and the slaughter goes on.

Is there any reason why babies should die, asks Walter Weyl in Success Magazine—not occasionalll, not now and then and here and there, but wholesale, like flies? We are so cruelly accustomed to the little coffin and the white hearse that we never look at the facts or ask ourselves the question. But is there any reason why babies should die?

Suppose you enter the house of a poor family and see a new-born babe in a corner of the room, and there near the fire, doddering over his slumberous pipe, the babe's great-great-grandfather, a rheumatic, asthmatic old man of ninety. The babe was born to-day, this very day, endowed with all its heritage of thousands of generations; the great-great-grandfather was born in 1819, when Monroe was President and Napoleon was alive. Crabbed age is frail, and yet the statisticians will prove to you that slim as are the chances of the very old, the babe is more likely than his great-great-grandfather to die in a year, and very much more likely to die within three months.

If the mother knew how great was the danger to her baby, she would hover even more anxiously over the cradle. If she knew how often babies are slain by the milk of the city—if she knew, there wouldn't be so many slain.

Fame.

Uncle Hiram—So you play base ball, do you, Dickey? Has your ball club got a name?

Five-Year-Old—Has it got a name! Gee! You've heard of the Rag Alley Yannigans, haven't you, uncle? Well, I'm their reg'lar shortstop. We're goin' to whale the everlastin' stuffin out o' the Bumtown Billygoats next Saturday!—Chicago Tribune.

Not Now.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the "unwritten law?"

Mr. Chugwater—There isn't any. It's been written up in all the papers. I've told you that before.

"STAR" IS THE OLDEST WORD.

No Change Since Origin in the Aryans Thousands of Years Ago.

There is no older word in the English language than "star," for it is not only from the tongue of our earliest known ancestors, the Aryans, a united people many thousands of years ago, but it is an Aryan root that has been preserved to us through the ages that have no history excepting that which comes from a scientific study of languages, says the New York Herald.

None of our sister languages has preserved this root so much unchanged as has the English, though it is found in all of the family. The Dutch come nearly as close with their "ster," and the old high German is a little further off with "sterro." The Anglo-Saxon has "steorra," the Sanscrit "stri," the Icelandic "stjarna," the Latin "stella" and the Greek "astar."

The other branches of the language have the root and they all use the word, not in the sense of brightness, but in the sense of strewn or spread, that which spreads out or dispenses, a star being a dispenser of light.

When our ancestors had intelligence sufficient to thoughtfully observe the stars and began to be able to speak of them they used the word "star" as conveying the idea of something which scatters light. From this same root has grown scores of words which contain the idea of scattering, dispensing, spreading out and strewing. The careful reader of the dictionary will notice them in many places. "Straws" that "show which way the wind blows" are from the same root, because in the word is the idea of that which is scattered or strewn.

"Straw" and "strewn" are among the many children of "star," and even such words as "consternation" and "street" come from it. The idea is in "consternation," through the Latin "consternere," to bestrew, throw down, prostrate. Consternation metaphorically throws you down and "street" conveys the same thought of something spread out, strewn with protecting substances or paved.

It is such little words as "star," appearing in so many different languages, always having the same underlying meaning, that tell us of the union that must have existed between the peoples whose descendants have preserved the words.

A Lesson in Banking.

The Japanese, as every body knows, used to despise business. They held that business meant selling something for more than it was worth—that profit meant the amount whereby the buyer had been deceived.

"We look on business more favorably now in Japan," said Jokichi Iwaya, the Japanese consul to Portland, at a recent dinner. "We now tell with scorn the money-counting story that in the past we told with approbation. According to this story a banker of Yokohama took in a packet of banknotes in the presence of his son, who desired to learn the banking business. The man counted the notes in the usual way. They lay on the counter before him, and he lifted them up, one by one, with moistened forefinger, murmuring, 'One, two, three' and so on. But on reaching the last note the banker stopped. He didn't lift it up. Instead he tapped it with his finger, and whispered to his son.

"'You must never lift the last one. Don't you see? It is just possible that there might be another underneath.'"

"The Wireless Hero."

Of Jack Binns, the Republic's "wireless hero," the manager of a New York theatrical agency said:

"I tried my best to land him. I went as high as a thousand a week. But it was no use. Binns said that on the boards he'd be as out of place as Hawksley's hoss. I asked him what Hawksley's hoss was, and he spun me a yarn. He said a man by the name of Hawksley went to a horse dealer and said:

"Look-a-here, I want to buy a hoss. A useful, all-round factotum kind o' hoss. You know what I mean. A hoss I can ride in the Sons o' Temperance parade. A good, quiet, family hoss that wife and babies can trust themselves to in the cart. A hoss the boy can ride in the spring races, and at the same time the sorter hoss what'll plow double with an ox on a pinch. A hoss, I mean ter say——'

"'Mr. Hawksley,' said the dealer, with a sour laugh, 'ye don't want the hoss to wait on the table, do ye?'"

Why She Declined.

A young woman entered a crowded street car with a pair of skates on her arm. An elderly gentleman at once arose and offered her his seat.

"Thank you very much," she said, sweetly, "but I don't care about sitting down; I've been skating all afternoon."—Harper's Weekly.

Hard Bubble.

Gunner—He used to be a pessimist and say the world was a bubble. I understand he has changed his opinion.

Guyer—Yes; you see, he fell out of an airship not long ago.

DECENDANT OF PENN'S FRIEND.

Ancestor of a Philadelphia Clergyman Was an Adviser of Founder.

Almost within a stone's throw of the plot of ground where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, and in a church whose membership consists mainly of descendants of old colonial settlers, a historical sermon was preached Sunday night on the life of William Penn by a clergyman who boasts of being the great-great-grandson of one of the Pennsylvania founder's dearest friends and counselors, says the Philadelphia North American. The church is the Emmanuel Episcopal at Girard avenue and Marlborough street, and the minister the Rev. Edward Giles Knight.

According to the clergyman, there has always been a Giles Knight. About fifty years ago, because one generation forgot to name any of the boys Giles, one of the family had his first name changed by special act of legislature.

Giles Knight, the first, came to this country with William Penn in the good ship Welcome in 1682, and when the compact with the Indians was made was an earnest adviser of his chief. Like William Penn, Giles Knight had quarreled with his father, then mayor of Bristol, England, over religious matters, and he sought refuge in this land that he might worship his Creator in his own way, and when and how he pleased.

In his sermon Dr. Knight did not touch upon his relationship with the colonist, but devoted his talk to particulars of Penn's early life.

Another member of Emmanuel church proud of his ancestry is John P. Eyre, one of the vestrymen, whose great-grandfather at one time owned the very spot of ground on which William Penn first landed.

A Sort of Cousin.

"You say, madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness box, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the court and replied:

"Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't never figgered out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on 'im as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

The School for Servants.

The manager of an employment agency noted with some surprise that a woman in search of a maid asked each of the girls lined up against the wall if she had ever been employed in a minister's family. None of them had been. Then, the New York Sun says, the manager's curiosity prevailed.

"May I ask," said he, "why you are particularly anxious to know if these girls have had an engagement of that kind?"

"Because we are very hard up just now," the woman replied, candidly, "and I must have a girl who is economical. I have found that of all the servants those who have worked in clergymen's families know best how to economize."

"Here."

There is, in Katharine M. Abbott's recent book, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," a little story which illustrates the importance of accurate statement.

In Saybrook, Connecticut, in the days of cottage prayer meetings one hundred years ago, a lady directed her servant to go to each neighbor and say that Mrs. Bowles will have the prayer meeting here to-night.

The servant carried out her instructions to the letter: "Mrs. Bowles says the prayer meeting will be here to-night."

Accordingly, each lady arranged her chairs, put on her best gown, made ready for the coming of the parson, and stayed at home.

Too Inquisitive.

"What is 'Boston' coffee?" asked the customer at the lunch counter.

"It's the kind you put the cream in first," answered the waiter girl.

"But why is it called Boston coffee?"

"Because the cream is put in first."

"Yes, I know; but when a man orders Boston coffee why do you put the cream in first?"

"Because he orders Boston coffee. Anything else you wish to know, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

Making Up for Lost Time.

Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there?

Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room.—Chicago Tribune.

MAJORITY RULE IN CONGRESS.

Methods Adopted to Save Time and to Protect Dominant Party.

This is a big country with big interests and it is manifestly impossible to consider all matters in which all the members are interested in open session of the house, says J. Sloat Fassett in Leslie's Weekly. Rules have been devised for appointing committees and apportioning the work. Only the more important bills can be reported and only the most urgent of these can be considered in the whole house. No rules can be or ought to be devised which would enable every member to take up the time of the house whenever it so pleased him with any bill he might choose. So in the house, as in the world generally, the rule of the majority prevails. The country, by a majority vote in the several congressional districts, selects the political party which it desires to have in control. That majority party, by majority vote, proceeds to organize the house into a working mechanism. The speaker is elected by a majority and is always answerable to that majority. The rules are adopted by a majority and are always responsive to that majority. The rules are made with full provision to protect the rights of each individual and of the minority, but rightly they are framed to enable the responsible majority to exercise the power intrusted to it by the people and for the exercise of which or the failure to exercise which that majority, and that majority alone, is held responsible. If a Democratic minority, by the aid of a small body of insurgent or rebellious Republicans, could obtain possession of the machinery of legislation and prevent the majority from carrying out its pledges the country would not accept the plea of non possumus. The entire majority would be held responsible for such a breach of trust.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Dr. A. Bulleid, who discovered the ancient British lake village at Glastonbury in 1892, has now found another group of lake dwellings at the neighboring village of Meare. The site of the lake village consists of two fields covering about twelve acres, and is marked by a number of grassy mounds formed by floors of dwellings. Dr. Bulleid has found large quantities of relics, including objects in bronze, bone, horn and pottery. The village is supposed to be of the late Celtic date. It was probably built between 300 or 400 B. C. and the Roman Conquest.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for, says the Law Times, it is recorded in the "Black Books" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper, or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other, he shall carry it away from the table at any time, he shall pay 4 pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly, under pain of expulsion from office."

Recent investigations show that the umbrella is undoubtedly of high antiquity. It appeared in various forms on the sculptured monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome. In hot countries it has been used since the dawn of history as a sunshade—a use signified by its name, derived from the Latin "umbra," a shade. In the East the umbrella has ever been a symbol of power and royalty, and in many countries it has become a part of religious as well as royal symbolism. The Chinese date the umbrella back to 4,000 or 5,000 years anterior to the Mosaic date of creation, which would make it about 10,000 or 11,000 years old.

When 70 per cent of cerium is allowed with 30 per cent of iron, the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck by a steel wheel. This substance has been employed for making auto-igniters for gas burners, miners' acetylene lamps and cigar lighters. Recently it has been proposed to utilize it for igniting motor headlights, and even as a substitute for electric ignition in the cylinders. Doctor Brill has tried it, for the last named purpose, but he finds that the efficacy of the alloy falls off with use. The cause of this loss of efficacy is suspected to be the presence of oil and dust.

A Worse Prophet.

A prominent member of the Rothschild family says there will be no war in the Balkans. As a war prophet, too, we believe we have more confidence in a Rothschild than a Hobson, as a general proposition.—Washington Herald.

People make as much ado about making up their minds as if it amounted to something.